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Our Outlook Tower

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND PSYCHOMETRY.

IN an article in the *Sunday Express* Sir Oliver Lodge classes psychometry among man's "instinctive faculties" and quotes some interesting cases showing its reality.

There are, he says, instincts and faculties of what may be called a super human character; and the outcome of such instincts may be of all grades, ranging from the trivial to the momentous.

For instance, Robert Browning is said to have handed to a medium a ring taken from the finger of a man who had met his death by violence, and the sensitive is said to have ejaculated that he got the impression of a voice saying "Murder" in connection with that ring.

George Fox, the Quaker, is said to have marched through Lichfield crying, "Woe to the bloody city," apparently because he felt perturbed by intuition of a massacre that had occurred there in the past.

A piece of cloth handled by a seriously invalided miner, who had escaped from a South African mine at the beginning of the Boer war, has to my knowledge enabled a sensitive in Liverpool, who had never seen the patient, to diagnose an injury to his skull, which had been overlooked by the doctor, and subsequently, after re-examination at my request, this unorthodox diagnosis led to a surgical operation at the part of the skull indicated. The operation relieved the pressure with beneficial results. No one can suppose that the piece of cloth conveyed the detailed impression by reason of any physical alteration in its structure, and yet somehow the information was conveyed, and later verified.

Continuing, Sir Oliver says:—

Surely it can be admitted that a multitude of things may exist in the universe of which science at present has no cognisance and it is not a violent step to assume that some of these have been dimly apprehended by faith—or, if the term be preferred, by superstition—to which we have as yet no other clue.

Yet we have faith—faith in the ultimate rationality of the Universe, faith in the coherence of intelligence with all the other attributes of man, and faith in the rightness of our attempted penetration even into the secrets of the infinite.

THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

MR. DENIS CONAN DOYLE, in the *Sunday Graphic*, replies to a questioner wanting to know if there is any good in Spiritualism, thus:—

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits of this knowledge consist of the tears which it dries, the broken hearts which it mends, the stricken souls which it soothes, the shattered faiths which it restores, and the warmth of living hope and comfort which it brings to the lives of those who are desolate and hopeless in the face of the sufferings and adversities of life.

LEEDS PROFESSOR AND THE SUPER-NORMAL.

PROFESSOR MAXWELL TELLING, of Leeds University, told the Y.M.C.A. Luncheon Club of that city, that Psychical Research "forms a bridge between Agnosticism and the richer country of possible belief."

He said that the Science of to-day was sounding a new note, and that the most hard bitten scientists were no longer dogmatic. It was a striking fact that the leading scientists who had studied psychical phenomena now admitted their validity. Many people were turning away from the old-fashioned religion to the new science as a solution to their spiritual difficulties. The Western world was on the brink of a great spiritual revolution, and the Professor said he believed that for many people the way to ultimate truth lay in the study of super-normal phenomena.

HYPNOTISM AND ITS DANGERS.

DR. WILLIAM BROWN, of Oxford, contributed a paper on sleep and hypnosis at the recent meeting of the British Association in Aberdeen.

Commenting on this in the *Referee*, Mr. Stephen Embleton, says:—

Dr. Brown claimed to have hypnotised "600 people during the War and a great many since." And the candid doctor added his opinion that "repeated hypnotism was bad, and hypnotism should be used only with great care and by those fully acquainted with it."

My own view goes far beyond such reservations, for I would make all hypnotic practices convictable offences! Once you have been hypnotised you are no longer free. Your soul is in the keeping of another; in the keeping of your new master, the hypnotist.

The power of hypnotism is not generally understood. If it were, the public conscience would demand its immediate disuse. An investigation into the ramifications of this malign evil is long overdue.

ASTROLOGY IN HISTORY.

MR. J. BAKER WILSON spoke of "Astrology the Precursor of Astronomy" at a meeting of the Edinburgh Astronomical Society, held in the rooms of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

Mr. Wilson said that many famous men had considered astrology worth examination in the past, among them, Francis Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Kepler, and other scientists. Astrology, originally, meant much the same as astronomy—a knowledge of the stars—but was, at length restricted to the science of predicting future events from the position of the heavenly bodies. The oldest astrologers were the Chaldeans; and star-reading was carried by them to the Egyptians and Babylonians. Astrology spread through Greece and the Roman Empire, and in the latter part of the Middle Ages was established throughout Europe, while also the Arabians and Chinese were adepts in the art of star-reading.

To some degree astrology aided science just as the alchemists of old, in their search for the philosopher's stone, sometimes hit upon chemical discoveries whose importance is still recognised. To this day, the old science has many enthusiastic followers.

BOMBAY'S HAUNTED ROAD.

Strange stories of a ghostly figure that causes motor accidents are being told by Bombay taxi-drivers, says *Reuter*.

The phantom is said to appear suddenly in front of a vehicle, causing the driver to swerve, sometimes with serious results.

The apparition most frequently appears on a stretch of the New Queens Road, Bombay's principal thoroughfare, which runs parallel to a cemetery.

Since the beginning of this year over six accidents, in which there were 15 casualties, have occurred on this road. In the most recent, the owner of a private car was seriously injured when it ran into a lamp-post.

A taxi-driver who was involved in a crash at the same place declares that the form of a man suddenly appeared in front of his vehicle. The driver swerved and hit a lamp-post, but when he looked back there was no one in sight.

Another driver says he has seen the ghost of a negro who was murdered some years ago. This phantom is popularly believed to waylay drivers and lure them into accidents.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

"*The Message of Life*," the New Zealand Spiritualist paper, ceased publication with its August number.

Its founder, the late Mr. W. C. Nation, devoted twenty-seven years of his life to promoting the Cause of Spiritualism in New Zealand through his journal, and Mr. W. S. Waring, its latest Editor, has given thirty-one years service to the same cause.

The latter, in a "few words of farewell" to his readers, reveals that he can no longer shoulder the material and financial burden of producing the paper, and he trusts someone will see fit to issue a new Spiritualist journal to fulfil the needs of that country.

NUMEROLOGICAL COINCIDENCE.

EVE WHITE, Ealing, sends us the following interesting note:—

The "Queen Mary" was launched on October 26th, 1934. Call this 26° 9' 19.34", and this is the angle from the Great Pyramid to Bethlehem, where another Queen Mary gave birth to the King of Kings.

Queen's Hall Farewell Meeting to Arthur Ford.

By "SCRIBONIA"

WHO were they—what were they? Even Mr. Hannen Swaffer did not know the creeds to which they belonged. Mystics, Scoffers, Cynics, Psychics, Materialists—a hall dense with tiers of faces all turned expectantly towards one centre—where stood a figure clad in bright blue velvet, with a pink rose and a mop of wavy silvery hair—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

Her voice lacked strength, but magnetism flowed from her personality as she propounded the reason for their gathering together. They were there in the interests of those who mourned the dead and could not afford the fee of a medium. They were there to bring comfort and hope to those whose lives had become so empty. They were also there to bid farewell to Mr. Arthur Ford, the greatest clairaudient of America.

And as she talked, a picturesque figure, against a background of cream roses, the scene so tranquil and normal, it was hard to realise the amazing phenomenon about to occur—the contact of the living world with that of the so-called dead.

With vital gesture Mrs. Stobart talked on, introducing humour and telling amusing stories. Spiritualists did not mind being regarded as "cracked." Cracks were the only places where the light could get in, she said.

The Editor of the *Psychic News*, by whose courtesy the meeting was organised, also punctuated his address with humorous anecdotes, and declared that labels did not matter, churches did not matter, the one great imperative was to lead an honest and a decent life. Finally he visualised a new world with all creeds unified, and with Spiritualism as centre in the League of Religions.

Then Mr. Hannen Swaffer—elegant, ascetic, fanatical! The wave of interest surged; heads bent forward. His words were swift, and cut the air like steel. He had heard the voice of the dead Northcliffe in the house of Dennis Bradley, and he knew Spiritualism to be true. For himself he did not care, he knew where he stood. But what was really vital to him was the plight of the mourners, the millions of sorrowing bereaved who yearned to get in touch with their dear ones—who could not develop their own psychic power, could not afford the fee of the medium. The onus was on Spiritualism, it must do something for the world. Wars went on, the poor were still poor and suffering, Spiritualism must bind itself to something progressive, must prevent another war and wholesale murder, must stamp out poverty, must stop the worship of people with long degrees, must build a better world.

Eloquent, appealing, he went on, and all the time his right hand, in its wild gesticulation, spoke as forcefully as his voice. He foresaw the ultimate union of all churches in Spiritualism, foresaw the day when a mediumistic ceremony would be included in the ordinary ritual of every church.

Finally came Mr. Arthur Ford, bringing the meeting to its dramatic climax. There was a rustle of excited expectancy, then a silence that was almost concrete as he promised to demonstrate his power "if they would keep quiet."

Would anything happen? He looked so normal, genial and healthy, it was hard to imagine. The scoffers, the sceptics, the earth-bound, bent forward hawk-eyed to see how this strange "conjuring trick" might be done.

Apparently there was no more trick in it than in the wireless radio. The messages began to come through—Mothers received them from their sons, daughters from their parents, husbands from their wives. Surnames as well as Christian names were given. In all parts of the hall messages were recognised, the recipients, in many cases being almost inarticulate with emotion.

"It's a put up job," remarked a cynic.

"Now that's unworthy," protested a friend. "Besides, it couldn't be. He doesn't know them. They're all strangers."

Meanwhile the spirits crowded about Mr. Ford, especially the spirits of priests. "They're all about me now. I can't get away from them," he said, looking at the boards round his feet. And the lay mind, groping for truth, wonders why they were there so near the earth, when

tradition looks heavenwards for religious phenomena. Is the ether denser below?

It was all very mystifying and strange to the uninitiated, yet profoundly thrilling. No other experience could hold one so tense and breathless. One hoped he would go on and on. But things mundane intervened; the rent of the hall covered a fixed period; and so, after singing the popular hymn "God be with you till we meet again," this epoch-making gathering broke up.

Did they all get what they came for? Assuredly the Spiritualists did. If the proceedings failed to carry conviction to the sceptics or shatter much orthodoxy, they certainly brought comfort and ecstasy to many a sorrowing heart and gave a new meaning to lives that before were empty and void.

A VISIT IN SPIRIT TO LOST SOULS.

By ROBERT T. BALMER.

ON Saturday night, September 8, I had a dream, or what I thought was a dream, but it was so vivid, so real, that I shall remember every detail as long as I live. It was no outcome of any excited imagination or impaired digestion due to a late supper!

I dreamt I went on a journey to a most desolate and depressing area, where there was no sign of life, no vegetation or habitation, and very little light. The ground was a saggy mass of yellow and green clay—a veritable wilderness as far as the eye could reach. Yet I experienced no difficulty in walking there, and I had not proceeded far when I came across three people. The first, a well dressed woman was actually sitting down in this mud. On my approach she turned her face towards me and I saw she was in a state of helpless intoxication. She then slithered forward and lay prone in the mud. Of the other two, a man and a woman, the former was sitting up and the latter lay unconscious beside him.

I cannot describe the expression of utter misery and hopelessness on all their faces. I felt overcome with feelings of horror, loathing, and pity. As I stood and contemplated this desolate scene, the thought came to me, "Am I really in the darkened conditions of the next world, with all its misery?"

Then I remembered no more until I awoke, when it all returned, clear in every detail, and with a feeling of deep depression I made a pencil sketch depicting the sordid scene of misery and desolation.

I recounted this vision to the members of our home circle when we met on the following Tuesday. The medium, for whose integrity I have the highest regard, was controlled by her guide "Marie" who answers questions put by the sitters. After referring to the many souls who passed over in the recent liner disaster she addressed me thus:—

"My friend, I heard you telling your friends of your dream experience. Let me tell you that it was no dream but an actual experience. I selected you and took you on that sorrowful journey, and what you saw was a living reality. There are, I am sorry to say, countless numbers of similar poor souls in the same grey conditions as you saw. They need sympathetic prayers for their progression from all you who are on the earthplane."

We were all astounded, and I asked "But why did I not attempt to help these poor people?"

Marie answered—"My friend, it was not to be; you could not yet do so, however much you might wish for I sensed your feelings of dismay and horror. But I knew you would tell others of this desolate region where lost souls need your love and prayers. God bless you!"

"Gladiator," a correspondent of the *Essex County Standard*, says:—"I do not think that anybody who honestly seeks the truth in Spiritualism will be disappointed."

Sir John Foster Fraser, in the *Sunday Graphic*, writes:—"Am I a Spiritualist? Well, I would describe myself as a reverent agnostic—and an agnostic is not a man who denies but one who says he doesn't know."

Highly appreciative articles on Mr. John Myers' Spirit-photography appeared last month in the *Daily Mirror* and *Golders Green Gazette*. They were both illustrated by photographs taken in public halls under test conditions. Lord Donegall made an unsuccessful attempt two years ago to "expose" Mr. Myers in the *Sunday Dispatch* as a fraud, but nowadays public newspapers in general acknowledge his remarkable gift.

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Family Communion around a Table.

By MRS. MABEL HUGHMAN.

IT is always a great joy to meet again the kind ardent souls who have similar ideals to our own. Last June I here described a delightful interview I had with Mrs. Jessie C. Morton, a dear octogenarian with ever youthful spirits, at the office of the *International Psychic Gazette*, when her mother, sister, brother, husband and son, all now in spirit life, were able to communicate with her through my hand, and gave her highly evidential messages of their undying love. Mrs. Morton later wished to renew her happy experience and with this intention received me in her apartment at a well-known West-end hotel.

Greetings over we sat down alone at a table, and after a few moments in the Silence we asked for and received Guidance as to which of the many verse cards I possess should be placed on the table beside the Cross.

The following within quotation marks is the script we received during our sitting. The sitter's questions are in italics.

"So we come once again with Love in our hearts to tell you of our Heavenly Life. The never fading flowers are still here near our dear one" (indicating a spot on the table where flowers were brought to our former sitting).

Who is here with us?

"JIM" (Mrs. Morton's brother)—"I shall only write a few lines, as others have a prior claim to the pencil. In our work we are often able to bring some distressed spirits out of the darkness, and when they are with us and we speak to them of the loving redemption, they wish to take us back to find someone else unhappy and ready for the Truth, which we give with Hope."

Will you give us your son's name?

"Yes, I will—MORTON WOODS MORTON."

Now his everyday name?

"MORT."

His wife's name?—"LULA."

Now name the sitter's grandson?—"DOUGLAS."

(Great praise from us and blue stars given).

"Now Andrew says, 'Time's up,' so once more I take my leave—Your loving brother, JIM MORTON."

The writing now became more vigorous and speedy.

"Andrew (husband) writing—Darling Jessie (touches her wedding ring), I feel so happy that we can always, though parted, meet still in so many ways. This is my best method, as I was always fond of writing. Our dear boy FRANCIS is here too. He is greatly interested in the work of what he calls the Lords of Creation. They have to do with the various sections of animal life on Earth. The Birds are those chosen by Francis, and he is a helper in the Hand who care for the little tame feathered songsters."

What about caged birds; should they be freed?

"Well, if they are so born, it would be cruel to let them find for themselves. Now you are looking very well. (Mrs. Morton was looking radiant and wore a beautiful blue dress). Blue is my colour too, but scarlet I loved, and still love its brightness; but the blue rays I work under till you join us. The mauve sphere is where Francis grew up. I have thanked all those who had to do with his education, and I have been given a series of pictures showing him at all the stages of boyhood and in manhood. There are twenty-seven of them in our

Family room, all coloured and in oval frames. You will be pleased with this room. You are pictured as a Bride (her hand touched). All the others are in similar frames."

Your son on Earth too?

"Yes, I like to sit quietly there and look forward to the time when we shall all together serve God in the realms of Eternity." (Touched the cross).

Close beside us was a remarkable picture, a psychic portrait of "Andrew," drawn by Mr. Frank Leah, which when compared with a photograph seemed a speaking likeness. Mrs. Morton told me how Mr. Leah in doing this worked almost in the dark.

Andrew continues—"I tried to pose at first partly illumined but it was not easy to keep still in one place and so the light on me moved and I was partly in shadows I was at first full of glee, like a school boy chosen for a great part but the ordeal was great."

Mrs. Morton now asked if "Andrew" could speak of another child not yet mentioned?

"Yes, a babe—a girl. I have seen her at the Temple in the choir."

Can you tell me her name?

"Yes, Helen. Her work now lies with the babes who like herself did not live on Earth long. So now, when her pictures of childhood and girlhood are ready, they will be yours and hang also among the family treasures. Your birthday Jessie is October 28th and mine is March 23rd." (Correct).

Should we speak to all we meet of these things?

"Those who are ready will receive the Truths we teach with Joy; so never be disheartened when there is not much interest shown in the Future Life, there are so many things to distract people's minds from the unseen."

Mrs. Morton was wearing a very beautiful ring, a heart shaped opal, surrounded by diamonds, Andrew touched it with the pencil and continued—"I thought it a lovely emblem of our love. It was bought at a jeweller's in (name of place unreadable). Now I can read its history a little. A French lady owned it during those terrible days of blood-shed and revolution by the people down-trodden and starving. She had it as a marriage gift."

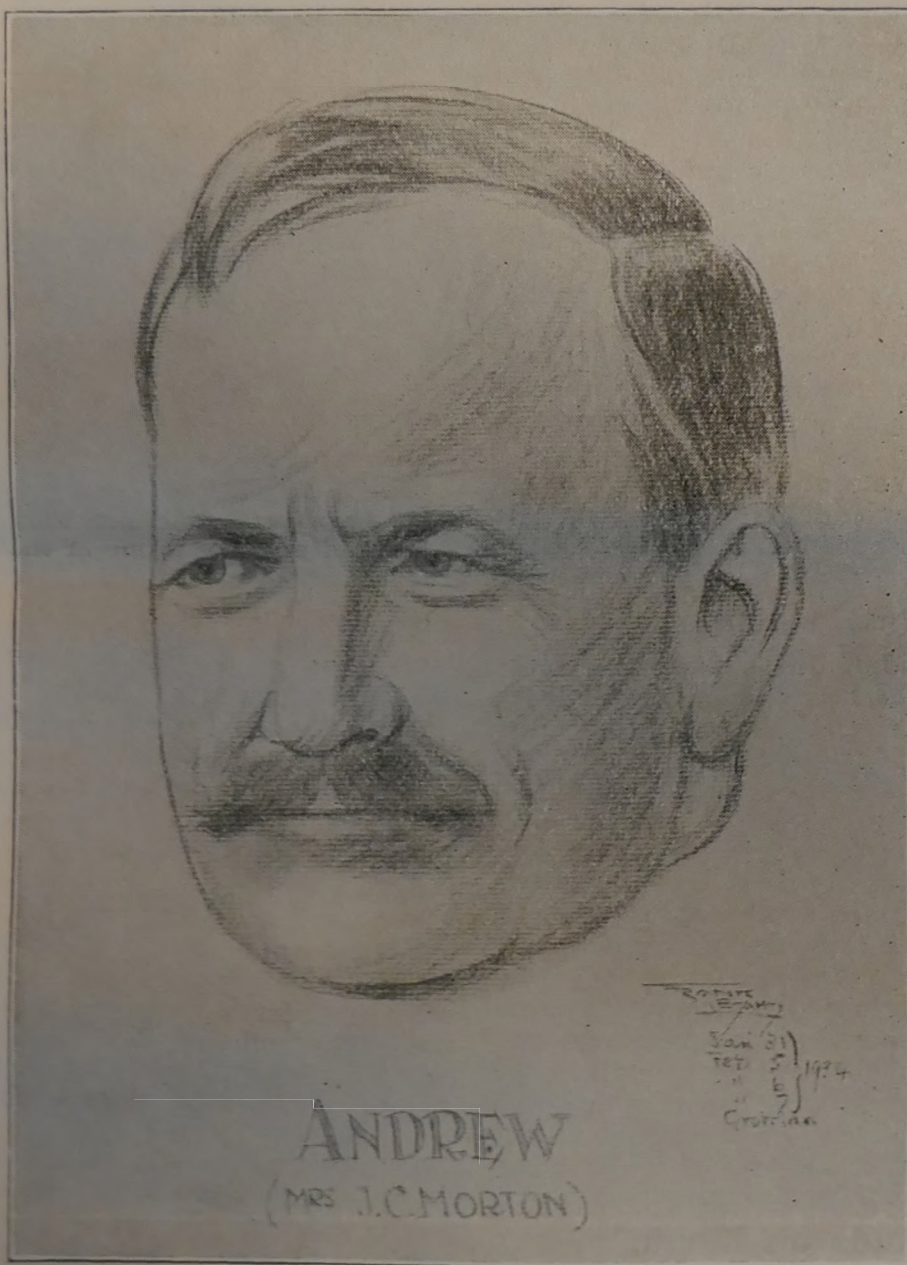
Where did you live when on Earth?—"London and Dunoon."

The medium here heard a name spoken—"MATHESON," and repeated it aloud when Andrew wrote—

"Yes, I have met the Reverend George Matheson, and he has told me that he was able to hear Spirit Voices on Earth and so his affliction (blindness) was lessened. He heard several hymns in this way and wrote them down. One that you delight in is 'Oh Love that will not let me go,' we sing it here, and the organ is played sometimes by the composer of *The Messiah*, Handel. Now Francis will try to write. One who blesses you for all the happy days we had together.—ANDREW MORTON"

Soon the writing begins again and FRANCIS writes:—

"My dear Mother—This is also from my sister Helen. We are often together and she is like the portrait of you which is in Father's home. Jessie is like Father, and I am like you both. We are able to visit those birds in captivity. I love the pigeons best. We give them healing when they are ailing, when alone we talk to them and guide them to their home. We lead there also a mate to comfort them. Helen says you must think of her whenever you hear of any bereaved mother sad at the death of her babe. She so longs for you to tell the people. You know that we are always busy doing work for the Master. We are to go now.—Your loving son, FRANCIS."



MR. ANDREW MORTON

Psychic Sketch by Frank Leah, Drawn in presence of Mrs. J. C. Morton, as sitter.

An Eighteenth-Century Chap-Book.

The Repentant Squire Seeks to Atone, but the Clergyman Declines to Help.

BY ALEX. MACKINTOSH, Edinburgh.

COMMUNICATION with the Unseen is generally believed to have been "cut off" between A.D. 68—the approximate close of New Testament Psychic records—and A.D. 1848, the date of the happenings at Hydeville. But there must have been many instances of "gate-crashing" throughout the inhospitable silence of these centuries. As an example of the hold that Psychic matters had on the popular imagination, even a century before the "dawn" of Modern Spiritualism, we find that a Chap-book giving an account of "The Return of the Squire" was in the year 1750 eagerly bought by all and sundry.

The Squire's Apparition.

At the outset the narrative explains that, in a Parish a hundred miles away, the spirit of the Squire had already appeared to a doctor's servant when he was watering his master's horse. Subsequently this lad was found dead on the road. The local clergy, on the first intimation of the apparition, had dissuaded the young man from keeping his appointment with the Squire. News of the encounter with the "dead" Squire and of the parsons' attitude to the uneasy ghost must have travelled. The minister who records his strange conferences with the Squire had in his pulpit referred to the matter rather unthinkingly. He had roundly condemned the action of the other clergy and said that, had he been in their place, he would have persuaded the lad to do as the ghost desired him. Indeed the clergyman declared that he would have gone with the lad to give him courage, and would have even delivered the commissions of the spirit visitor, as these seemed likely to do some people justice.

The Clergyman's Encounter.

He is taken at his word. Riding home at seven o'clock in a February evening, A.D. 1722, he is suddenly overtaken by another horseman. On being challenged, the rider gives the name of the "dead" Squire. In the "dark light" of the moon the clergyman at first thinks the visitor is a neighbour playing a practical joke and strikes at him with his cane. But the cane meets with no resistance and flies out of the clergyman's hand to fully sixty feet away. The phantom only laughs and waits until the irate clergyman has recovered it. After a few explanations by the ghostly visitor they come to an understanding, and the conversations that follow, as minuted by the clergyman, are illuminating. The clergyman inquires who had reported his pulpit declaration to the spirit horseman. The latter says that he was not present himself, but some good friends in the spirit world had given him the information. The minister is somewhat taken aback, and tries to qualify his rash promise as being a conditional one.

The Squire's Frauds on Earth.

It appears that the Squire's return has been prompted by the hope that the clergyman would approach his widow and ask her to put right some wrongs done by the Squire while on the earth plane. He confesses to having forged some bills and receipts, whereby he either escaped paying his lawful debts or received payment of money to which he was not entitled. There is one specially grievous injury he has done to some poor tenant from whom he had borrowed 2,000 merks—a considerable sum in the early 18th Century. About a year after the bond was granted this tenant died, predeceased by his wife and leaving nine children. The eldest daughter, trustingly, asked the Squire to look through her father's papers and he did this willingly, putting his own bond in his pocket. The tenant's affairs were in a bad state, and his nine children were then starving. Their misery was apparent to the Squire and he was anxious to make restitution as far as in his power. He wished the clergyman to go to his widow and put the matter before her. She had funds enough to rectify the wrong. If this were done the Squire thought he would be easy and happy. Therefore he hoped the clergyman would make no delay.

Light on the After-Life.

But, alas! he had chosen a weak reed. The clergyman tried to divert the Squire's mind from his purpose by putting several queries about the next life, and for a time he appeared to be successful. His first query, however, as to

whether the Squire was in a state of happiness or not was "turned down." With what kind of body did he come? was the clergyman's second query. The answer was—not the same body with which he had functioned on earth, for that was rotting in the grave. It was a body that could go as fleet as thought or wish. In the same moment that the clergyman could go to Rome in thought the spirit could go there in person. In answer to the question, Had he been judged? the Squire replied in the negative. There was no immediate judgment at death. There was a path of progress open to all, and allowance was made for those who were handicapped by heredity, lack of education, etc.

In a discussion on Guardian Angels the Squire made the interesting statement that for large cities, such as London or Edinburgh, there was one great angel that had the supervision of the whole. Under him inferior ones or "spirits departed" were appointed for particular men of position or responsibility.

Clergyman Evasive.

Now, having been so complaisant as to answer these and other questions by the investigating clergyman, the Squire gets down to business and demands the fulfilment of the promise made by the clergyman. The latter admits that the errand is good but asks time to consider the matter. At the same time he inquires why the Squire, with his power of infinite speed and of making himself invisible, cannot use other means to do justice to the injured persons. Why can't he fly to the treasure chests of some rich Jew or Banker where there are heaps of gold and money, invisibly lift enough and invisibly transfer it to the needy? Could the Squire not go to the mines of Mexico where these little sums would not be missed? Could he not dive to the bottom of the sea where there is so much sunken treasure and refund these people their losses, and thereby no man would be injured? The Squire's answer is that he cannot, for Spirits, good or bad, are not allowed to touch any man's gold or money. "What hinders them?" asks the clergyman. The answer is, "Superior Power, that guards and governs all."

A Poser for the Squire.

Then the clergyman puts what he thinks is a "poser." What is the reason, he asks, that the Squire cannot go to his wife himself and tell her what he would have her do? The reason still is the same, and it is charged with a certain pathos—"Because I cannot." Modern Psychism would probably interpret this as an indication that the Squire's widow was not sensitive to astral vibrations, and would not be aware of the Squire's efforts to communicate with her. As this plea of inability does not satisfy the clergyman, the Squire promises him that if he will carry out the business before mentioned he will have a fuller explanation. "Trust me for once and believe me I will not disappoint you."

But it is not the clergyman who is to be disappointed! At the final interview, which happens next evening, the Squire asks the clergyman if he has considered the former's proposition. The clergyman replies that he requires a list of the Squire's grievances in his own hand-writing. The Squire retorts that this is a mere evasion and his further remarks show that it is not so easy for the Squire to write his story as it is to tell it or to appear as a rider. Here is a hint of the difficulty experienced at many séances and a light on the *modus operandi* of materialisation.

The Clergyman Declines to Help.

The clergyman fears the ridicule of his brethren, and appears to anticipate a hostile and indignant reception from the Squire's widow if he attempted to acquaint her with her late husband's perfidy. He therefore finally declines to perform what he says would be termed "an April errand." A significant note is appended. The clergyman died soon after the last conference.

The Squire's attempt to make restitution by a short cut was thus defeated. His helplessness and the clergyman's reluctance might both have been obviated had Modern Spiritualistic knowledge been available in their day. We are more fortunate, but probably many decades must pass before the high ideal of spiritual communion is reached when, as shadowed forth in the words of the Nazarene:—

Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven;

with the psychic corollary that earth's wrongs can be righted from heaven!

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Dr. Alexander Cannon's New Book.

HIS "SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS" IN REINCARNATION.

"POWERS THAT BE" is the title of a new work by Dr. Alexander Cannon, whose book on "The Invisible Influence" caused a considerable sensation about a year ago. It was called "the record of an amazing pilgrimage to the abode of Oriental Wisdom, and the first popular exposition of a world-shaking philosophy."

"Powers That Be" claims to be "an even deeper and more amazing statement and analysis of the mystery and power of life."

Dr. Cannon begins his preface by saying he is a man acquainted with miracles. The unusual, the supernatural, the transcendental are not unusual with him. Yet he is dumbfounded by the miracle of the public response to his former book.

"It was unbelievable and unprecedented in its catholicity and its cosmopolitanism."

"It revealed to me," he says, "what I could not have made myself hope: that there is a growing army of people, even in this materialistic western world, crying for the Light."

"It shows me that under the spurious trappings of this false civilisation there turns the ardour of men and women who are alive to the existence of the invisible world and its influence."

"It makes clear to me that there is a longing for the day when the great truths so long buried in the East shall be revealed to all men."

"The new age is being born; it is coming! it is here! for it is ready shaped in its eternal purity in the invisible Kingdom."

We pause on the threshold of this glowing preface to remark that the popular wonder at the learned Doctor's acceptance of Oriental psychism—admittedly spurious, as in "the rope trick"—is no more "a miracle of miracles" than the sight of any other surprising rarity would be.

That there are more and more people "crying for the Light," even in this Materialistic western world, is no proof that they are now sighing more for any light offered by Oriental Magicians, than when Tennyson wrote his famous poem.

That they are ardently "alive to the existence of the invisible world and its influence," even "under the spurious trappings of this false civilisation" is surely due to the truths long ago revealed by Christ and His Apostles, and to the experimental evidences furnished by Modern Spiritualism, rather than to any upturning of "great truths so long buried in the East."

Perhaps the Doctor can tell us from his recent experience, in what respect Chelas, Gurus, Fakirs and Great Masters in the Himalayan Mountains, have added to the sum of human wisdom or religious comfort. They have certainly taught us nothing better or higher than the Christianity of

western countries. Their chief accomplishment in new doctrine has been the hypothesis of Re-incarnation, which even the high authority of Mrs. Annie Besant and Bishop Leadbeater failed to incorporate in accepted Theosophical doctrine. Their own claim to have had simultaneous re-incarnations many times "since they were monkey creatures together," and the claim of over twenty of their followers about the same time to have been Queen Elizabeth in their earlier life, led the Theosophical Society to "quietly drop" the doctrine which had thus been reduced to absurdity!

Dr. Cannon tells us he has for some time conducted "scientific experiments" on Re-incarnations with the help of two mediums who were put

under hypnotic trance—and were consequently amenable to suggestions made to them while in that state! The following is Dr. Cannon's account of the result:—

"I had not met with the mediums before, and they were placed in hypnotic trance without previous conversation on any subject whatsoever."

"The witnesses will testify to evidence pointing to the fact (?) that we

(1) live more than one life; (2) live on more than one planet; (3) memory persists in the minutest detail from the present day, traced backwards through all our earthly life even to the date of birth, and before that during gestation to conception, and before that to a period of stay (which seems to be constant at two years) in 'The Garden of Waiting,' protected by the 'Blue Sisters' and the 'White Brothers,' who select our next physical body in accordance with what we deserve from our progression or regression in the past.

"Previous to having entered 'The Garden of Waiting' all my cases (says the Doctor) have lived for not less than 300 and not more than 2,000 years on another planet, and the favourite planet is Venus."

"Going still further back, we come to the time when they were last on earth, most being here during the Roman period, and they describe their lives most accurately on earth during this period B.C."

"All my subjects to date (although not specially picked except for their suitability to be placed quickly in a deep trance state) state that they were either murdered, or committed suicide during their last earthly life."

"As I am only on the edge of this research into this fascinating study, it would be premature to draw any conclusion on this point or put forth any theories based on this information."

And thus Dr. Cannon's claim in the Preface that Re-incarnation has been proved by "very forceful demonstrations" feebly tapers out. There is of course not a single word of "evidence" of "facts" in the trance statements on which he professes to rely!

Though we find nothing in this new book to prove that the Oriental Psychism has anything better to reveal to the world than Western Spiritualism and Psychical Research, it contains extremely interesting and eloquent chapters on occult subjects, which are well worth reading. J.L.



DR. ALEXANDER CANNON.

Photo by Vandyk.

Abduhl Latif's Life in the Spirit World.

"I CAN BE IN MANY PLACES AT ONCE."

ABDUHL LATIF, whose service to humanity from the Spheres—as Physician, Counsellor and Healer—is one of the wonders of our age, is in great demand these days by Spiritualists in all parts of the world. Through the kindly and most generous offices of Mr. R. H. Saunders his beneficent work has become familiar to thousands; his name amongst Spiritualists and indeed some others is now a "household word"; and when the other day (writes a correspondent), I went to the British College of Psychic Science to have another talk with him through the fine mediumship of Miss Nina Francis, I found that amongst the sitters and inquirers since the holidays have been visitors from many lands, including South Africa.

I had not come, I said, for medical advice, but rather because I am told that there are very many who would like to know something more about his life in the Spirit World and how he works through his medium.

"It is sometimes a joy," he said, "not always to speak of the physical body, although I am primarily a physician."

"So you can tell me, perhaps, something of your life in the Spheres?"

"You have to realise," he explained, "that what you call Spheres are really 'States of Being.' According to your knowledge and the progress you have been able to make through millions of lives gone before, so you are in a Sphere."

This reference to millions of lives gone before, needed some explanation; but it is not easy to interrupt our wise friend in his rich flow of argument, and I could only make a mental note to ask him about it at the first opportunity.

THE SPIRIT PEOPLE HE MEETS.

He went on to tell me that in his Sphere are philosophers, musicians, astronomers, astrologers, professors of literature and the arts, and medical men who have got just beyond the knowledge of the physical body and realise that primarily it is the Spirit we have to deal with.

"And we get also," he said, "some of the more scientific of the clergy. We all have colleges and universities in which we gather, the purpose being that when we are free from the limitations of the body we shall increase and strengthen the knowledge we have gained."

"We must all meet," he explained, "those of the same vibration and the same desires as ourselves. I meet philosophers because philosophy is always so interesting; musicians—music is my soul; and all who are in tune with myself."

A great amount of work, it was gathered, is being done by astronomers and astrologers. They see the influence of the planets upon the world and upon each other, and in the Spheres Abduhl said, "they are writing the history of the world for the next million years."

"In our colleges," he continued, "we have days in which the medical side is studied. All medical men who are, shall we say, in the same vibration, or the same Sphere, realise that the Divine mind has the greatest influence upon the physical body. The nearer we get to Allah—the Creator, or the Omnipotent One—the more in harmony can we get the physical body."

Abduhl explained why the body cannot always be cured. "Sometimes," he said, "it has to work out Karmic effects. But you will find," he said "that when the physical body is going through a Karmic life the soul knows. Many who suffer physically are quite happy in spirit."

"We have to remember that man has been evolving by stages for millions of years. He has rather abused his body, perhaps. Sins of greed, cruelty and many others are carried on. There is nothing that happens either spiritually, or mentally or physically but has its effects. Those who are in my Sphere understand these things and can help those who are passing through the Karmic life. We can give to them harmony and peace and the realisation that, after all, the spirit can overcome all things."

"We are, again, linked up with other medical men who have not yet reached this knowledge, with men who are working on the physical body, still thinking that disease is disease, whereas actually there is no disease, it is discord."

DR. ABRAHAM WALLACE.

"Have you," I asked, "met Dr. Abraham Wallace?"

"Yes indeed," Abduhl replied, "and a splendid worker he is; I am proud to know him, and he will say he is pleased to know me. You and he have had very much in common."

"I often used to meet him," I said.

"Yes, of course," he remarked, "you and he had many talks. He has often spoken of you to me, and he wants you to know that he as well as Sims is helping."

"He is one who desires to bring to the earth the greater knowledge he is gaining. But he will not do as some do who return at once to give the little they know, and it is often very little. He wants to wait until he can bring back to the world knowledge that is really greater than that which you have. For we have to give to the world something which it can build on, and give it a new idea of life, especially of the continuity of life. Sims is trying too. It all takes time. I have been striving to bring to the earth a little of the beauties of the Spheres. But how far does one succeed, and I have been here eight hundred years."

"I AM HERE."

"Tell me," I said, "I am right, am I not, in supposing that you are actually in this room, now at this moment whilst you are talking to me, and that you are not speaking through the medium from some far off Sphere?"

"I am actually here," he said. "The etheric of me is here. But I do not, as many say, enter into the body of the medium. I use her mind, but it is my etheric acting on a physical mind, and that is why we who manifest in this way are not always able to say the words we want to say. We come prepared to say many things we cannot always get through to you, but when we find a channel so good as this medium and ever ready to be used, the task is as easy as we can expect it to be made for us."

Many people are puzzled, Abduhl said, to know how he can be working both here and there as he does, always ready as it seems, to answer our call to him. He explained it by saying that all spirit being boundless and limitless we can be

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"After all," he said, "what is space? When you who are still in the body are thinking very deeply of one you love, though they may be on the other side of the world, you are actually with them in spirit. It is the same thing here.

"When I feel a call I can be there; whoever calls me I can come to him. I can be here and, shall we say, in Africa, at the same time. I can be in many places at once.

"And once you realise what the spirit can do, even whilst it is in the physical body, there would be no tears at parting when friends set out on a long journey to another part of the earth. All the great sages knew that—that the spirit can be wherever it wishes to be."

We went on to talk again of the Brontës, and of the 'impression' I had about a talk with him concerning Branwell" (narrated in this *Gazette* last month).

"Was I really in touch with you about Branwell," I asked?

"Of course you were!" Abduhl said, "Did I not say you would find in a book you did not know, the explanation of all his troubles, and did you not find it?"

"Yes," I said, "I did."

He spoke kindly of one's doubts, suggesting that they have their uses in promoting a search for truth, and he went on to speak of the progress

Branwell has made in the spirit world, describing him as "such a beautiful, such an artistic soul."

And referring again to Emily's dog, Keeper, who is with her, he said, "it would not be really home here if we were not to have with us the animals we loved. I have, as you know, my own horse. He has been seen by your clairvoyants."

"And you ride him?"

"Of course, and it is a great joy for me and for him; and there is no sense of fatigue."

1936 and 1940.

I asked finally about the very critical years ahead—the years 1936 and 1940, that have unfavourable astrological aspects.

Abduhl was not pessimistic; whilst there is cause for anxiety, he feels—indeed, he says, he knows—good will prevail.

"What," I asked, "are all those who were killed in the last war doing?"

"They are helping," he said, "they are very fine; they have already done things. They belong to a great White Brotherhood, some in Germany, some in France, some in Russia and in all the countries that were engulfed in the conflict, and they are pushing evil out."

He spoke of some good movements on this side that are also influencing the world for good. "And if," he said, "we are firm in the belief that good can prevail, it will."

"Twenty Years After": Things Worth Recalling

From the "International Psychic Gazette," No. 26, Vol. 3, November, 1915.

Mr. HERBERT STEAD'S VISION.

MR. F. H. STEAD, M.A., Warden of the Browning Settlement, and brother of Mr. W. T. Stead, spoke at a memorial service held on October 10th, for Lieut. Henry Barnes of the Gordon Highlanders, son of Mr. G. W. Barnes, M.P., who was killed during the first great advance of the allies, of a remarkable vision he had had.

On September 26th, he said he was listening to the music of Beethoven's "Egmont" when his brother who went down in the *Titanic* and their mother appeared to him in a vision, with Lieut. Barnes, and assured him of a great victory and the breakdown of Prussian militarism. He could not understand Lieut. Barnes' presence in the vision until he heard of his death on the same day.

The vision was described in one of the papers as a "Spiritualistic experience."

Mr. Stead, however, explained next day that this was a mistake, "for of Spiritualistic experiences I have had none, but of such disclosures as are given me unsought by the Ever Living One, I can only gratefully receive and humbly attest."

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

Miss MURIEL BROWN, speaking at an "At Home" at 15, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, of the development of the Spirit within oneself, said,

"Nothing ever comes to you unless you first go out towards it. The power is universal, but it is necessary that you should take it and use it.

"You should every morning strongly desire it, choose a place for your meditation where you can be free from all other distractions and hold in your mind certain words and ideas that have the power of the Spirit within them.

"Thus in the silence you will begin to realise the Spirit and as you continue your quest morning after morning, it will grow larger and larger, until it illuminates your whole body, which is its temple.

"All sorts of wonderful thoughts will come into your mind as you persevere and say to yourselves, 'The Spirit of God is within me, the essence of all truth and life and love is living here,' and a light will illuminate your whole consciousness, and things at present dark to you will become clear and plain.

"Many centuries ago Plato wrote of the world of perfect ideas. He believed this imperfect world is a mere shadow of that real eternal world where perfect health and perfect life exist. By realising perfect health we know we can attain it. Perfect health is the real thing; sickness and disease are only the shadows."

"We must picture ourselves," Miss Muriel Brown added, "as perfectly healthy. Then see our lives as radiant with the divine life, and bye and bye we shall attain to the realisation of what perfect wholeness means. We shall realise peace in place of discord, joy in place of depression."

W. T. STEAD SERVICES FOR MOURNERS.

The W. T. Stead Bureau "Wednesday Afternoons," which have been specially arranged for the comfort of mourners, were most successfully inaugurated on October 6th at the W. H. Smith Memorial Hall, Portugal-street, W.C.

Amongst the mediums taking part in these services are Mr. Robert King, Mr. J. J. Vango, Mrs. Wesley Adams, and Mr. Alfred Vout Peters. The Chairman and speakers include Miss Estelle Stead, the Rev. H. M. S. Bankart, Miss Felicia R. Scatterd and Lady Muir Mackenzie.

THE CREWE CIRCLE.

A message of considerable length in English, French, Latin and Greek was mentioned in an article, illustrated with many "psychic extras," on personal expression in psychic photography and the Hope Circle by Mr. Walter Howell.

"I wish," said Mr. Howell, "to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Crewe friends for giving me these opportunities of research. It should be said in their favour I think that they do not commercialise their gifts."

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

"When does man receive the soul or spiritual body? At birth. When the newly-born child ceases to live on the day of its birth into our world, it has its spiritual body and is carried to heaven by heavenly foster-mothers.

"My wife is and has been a mother to these motherless babies in heaven, and she says they are perfect in their spiritual bodies. My father and mother died when they were each 76 years of age and nothing astonished them more than to find they had such perfect bodies, so youthful and beautiful in form, and so well fitted for the spiritual world."—
F. Purvis, Tynemouth.

How My Spirit Friends Arranged for my First Materialisation Seance

By MARY WINEFRIDE SLATER

LAST February I was told by Miss Lily Thomas, during clairvoyance given by her at a Sunday morning service at the Grotrian Hall, that I should have the chance of sitting in two circles, but that my spirit friends wished me to choose the **smaller** one. I told her that as far as I knew such a thing was impossible but during the summer her prediction came true. Quite unexpectedly I was offered a sitting with Mr. Wilson, the new materialisation medium whose circles comprised **thirty** sitters. Having heard that Mrs. Duncan, the well known medium, was coming to York in August, I decided to wait and join her circle which consisted of **twelve** sitters.

ALBERT THE GUIDE.

With this article in view I offered to be one of the two women sitters who were to "search the medium," and I was quite satisfied with the result. The séance room was lighted by one dim red lamp. Mrs. Duncan seated herself on a plain wooden chair in a corner of the room, and curtains were drawn in front of her. She immediately went into trance, breathing stertorously. Almost at once I heard the voice of "Albert," her guide, who greeted us and asked us to regard the seance as **sacred**, and to put aside all feelings of criticism or fear, and especially any thoughts of sorrow or resentment, and to extend a loving welcome to the spirit friends who came.

At his request we sang the hymn "Jesu, lover of my soul," after which the curtains parted and he showed himself standing beside the medium, who was seated in her chair in deep trance. The curtains closed again and I heard Albert say, "There is a spirit here who has only recently passed over. She is anxious to thank a friend for something he did to help her."

GRATITUDE FOR FUNERAL RITES.

The space behind the curtains was suddenly illuminated by a brilliant white light. The curtains parted, and I saw the spirit form of a young woman clothed in filmy luminous white drapery. She advanced towards a man who was sitting just in front of me. When she reached him, I saw that she carried a light in her hand, which she passed slowly up and down her face, revealing each feature clearly.

I noticed that she was a fair-haired woman with light golden eyelashes. **The medium is very dark.** "Oh I am so excited," she cried, "It is so wonderful to be able to come back. I wanted to thank you for what you did for me, and to tell you that I am so happy and quite well again now." She began to weep unrestrainedly, "It is too much for me," she sobbed, "I cannot stay; I have been so excited!" Slowly she retreated behind the curtains, and we heard Albert reassuring her.

"I think I am right in saying that the gentleman to whom this lady came, read the burial service over her earthly body after she passed over," Albert said "it was for this she wished to thank him." The man, who was chairman of the York Spiritualist Church, replied that he had done so.

It is difficult to realise that not only have I seen a discarnate spirit, but that I have also heard that spirit expressing gratitude for funeral rites!

A UNITED FAMILY.

An old woman was the next spirit to appear. She was the mother of Mrs. Davies, in whose house the séance was being held. She had passed over with severe asthma. She returned breathing with painful difficulty. "Oh, Mother!" Mrs. Davies cried with dismay, "I thought you left all that behind when you passed over!" "Will Mrs. Davies kindly put her ear against her mother's chest," I heard Albert say. Mrs. Davies did so, and expressed her distress when she heard the laboured breathing. "Now I will take your mother away, and send her back to you as she is **now**," said Albert, and the old lady soon reappeared breathing naturally and quietly. "I have waited three years to come," she explained, "because I wanted to bring my three daughters together before I showed myself. I have had to work so hard to do it. I have been **on my feet all this week!**"

Mrs. Davies explained to me afterwards that her two sisters had disapproved of Spiritualism, but that they had both arrived at the house unexpectedly that night from

different parts of the country, and had **asked to be allowed to join the circle.**

"Now my dears," the old lady continued, "as soon as you reach home, I want you to send me a postcard to say you have arrived safely! Have you a postcard?" she asked. Only an unstamped postcard was forthcoming. "Albert can you give me a stamp?" she said. "Good gracious!" laughed Albert, "I have helped many spirits, but never before have I been asked to provide a postage stamp!" To Mrs. Davies he said, "Please write a postcard and address it to yourself. Post it in the nearest pillar box. It will please your mother!" Mrs. Davies told me afterwards that whenever she or her sisters travelled by train or by car, their mother always used to give them a stamped directed postcard to be posted to her directly they arrived at their destination.

A MATERIALISED SPIRIT WITHOUT TEETH.

The next spirit to come was an old man who found it difficult to speak. "I cannot talk," he mumbled, "I have come without my teeth!" "Will the gentleman for whom this old man has come, kindly put his finger into the spirit's mouth," Albert said, "I wish him to satisfy himself that there are no teeth." A man rose and did as he was told. "Yes, I am satisfied," he said, "I can feel nothing but the gums!" "After this séance," Albert said firmly, "I should be glad if the gentleman will ask Mrs. Duncan's permission to examine her teeth. He will find that they are all her own!" I watched the man make this investigation afterwards, and heard him confirm Albert's words. It was a drastic but efficient way to deal with scepticism.

OTHER MATERIALISATIONS.

"Now I am sending a spirit who passed over by the hand of man," said Albert, as the spirit of a young man almost ran across the room to his father. "Dad! I am here!" he cried. "Oh, my son!" his father answered, overcome with emotion, "I am so glad, I hoped you would come!" "Listen Dad," the youth cried, as he gave his chest a resounding thump that could be heard all over the room. "**I am solid! They may say we are daft, but it is true! I am alive and have come back to tell you so!**" I heard afterwards that this young man had been blown up on a submarine during the war.

Then other spirits followed in quick succession. An old woman who complained that she had not been given any shoes, and that the polished floor made her feet cold, was followed by the beautiful spirit of a nun who sang the hymn "Going with us, caring for us," in a rich soprano voice. She in turn was followed by a Wesleyan Minister who said he had charge of the circle.

Albert called me by name, and said he had known me for many years, and had been with me in my home twice that week. He had come when my friends had almost frightened me into giving up the circle. I had never heard of him before the séance. He sent the spirit of a dearly loved uncle to me, but I was so frightened when I saw the spirit approaching, that my fear put up a barrier that prevented him from speaking to me, so although Albert begged me to make myself less tense, the spirit dissolved from the head downwards and disappeared in a pool of light at my feet.

THE SPIRIT FORM OF PEGGY.

"I must leave you all now and see if there are any more spirits who wish to come," Albert said, "but I will leave a little friend in my place." The spirit form of a little girl appeared. It was "Peggy," Mrs. Duncan's Scotch child control. She came and stood by my side. "I like you," she said, "I like your face, and I like your dress too!" "It is a very old dress Peggy," I replied. "What does age matter?" she retorted, "besides, you are not so very young yourself, are you! Age doesn't count when the spirit is young like yours is."

Peggy chatted happily with everyone, and asked for an apple which she ate with great enjoyment, and asked for a second, which she munched audibly. The remains of the apples were shown to us afterwards. **They bore the marks of a child's teeth!**

When Albert returned he said he hoped that he might put the names of all those present in his "**book of friends.**" Then he wished us good night!

Some Prophecies of a Little Known Yorkshire Psychic.

John Wroe of Bradford, who Gave a Message to Queen Victoria.

By D. O. SMITH, Pontypridd.

APART from Spiritualists around Yorkshire few people have ever heard of John Wroe. Some few may still remember him as "Prophet Wroe" riding around Huddersfield, Leeds and Bradford on a white horse, but they must certainly be very old now. I believe the "Wroe Mansion," a large square house, still stands a few miles out of Wakefield.

John was born on the hillside overlooking Bradford at the end of the eighteenth century and he passed away in Melbourne, Australia, at the age of eighty four. He came of poor parents and had but little education.

Early in life he began to predict future events with remarkable accuracy. While working as a wool comber he predicted his employer's decease within three months. This came to pass, and from then on young Wroe was noticed and his forecasts noted.

As he grew up he had many emotional storms and experiences, similar to those of other psychics. It is recorded that he did not know for days on end whether he was in the body or out of it. His success as a prophet gave Wroe something of a hearing among a few friends, and he finally formed a Society, known as "Christian Israelites," which had quite a following before he died, and several of its churches are still in existence, their headquarters being at Ashton-under-Line.

THE WROE RECORDS.

More than thirty years ago I had occasion to make a long ocean voyage and I borrowed the Wroe books from an ex-member to read on board. I gave them a thorough perusal and was surprised to find many beautiful literary pearls scattered through the eight leather bound volumes. Wroe's observations covered an immense range, and I can remember many that impressed me at the time. I still have one of his letters which he wrote to a friend, and his twelve sermons which he called "A Guide to The Israelites." Apart from these I am merely quoting from memory.

Wroe correctly predicted one plague of London when thousands died. This occurred in 1848-49, and should not be confused with the Great Plague of a much earlier period. He made several journeys to Australia and on one of his first trips correctly forecast the exact number of States that Australia would be divided into, and said these would come under one national government. In addition he foresaw the further discoveries of gold that would be made in certain parts.

When moving about among the families of his Society he usually sensed their individual failings, and could not resist telling them! There is also a record of some excellent healing which he accomplished. Sometimes when the Spirit was strong upon him he spoke in the first person, such as, "Pride and ambition do I hate; I will utterly remove them from off the face of the earth." He often asked that all he said should not be recorded, as it was not all inspired, but sometimes merely his opinion, but apparently his people began to regard him as a second Moses.

The following are some of his true prophecies:—

"Ships of the air will be made; men will board one of these, ten or twenty at a time, and travel a thousand miles in a day."

"Machines that will fly will be made; the first successful one will be called the 'Ariel.'"

"Nothing so far has ever been invented compared with that which shall be."

"All commodities will become cheaper than ever was known."

"Men will work for a shilling a day."

"The time will come when the sane will scarcely be able to take care of the insane."

"A new source of power will be discovered, which will be derived from the atmosphere." (A group of scientific

investigators in America have partly confirmed this statement).

"England must go through the narrows."

"No foreign sword shall go through England, but her own sword shall go through her."

"There will be a King or Ruler dethroned every year, but there will be a King ruling over England as the last crowned head."

MESSAGE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

John once received a message for Queen Victoria, and was instructed by his Guide to hand it to her personally. This seemingly impossible task was duly carried out in quite an unexpected way. The message having been carefully copied, Wroe took it to a function where the Queen was due to appear. It seemed impossible to approach near her Majesty as the building was surrounded by soldiers, officials, and the usual great crowd. He was on the outskirts of the crowd and was impressed to climb over an iron railing and run along a narrow passage to the entrance. As he drew near the Queen emerged and Wroe shouted to her that he had a spirit message for her. The Queen turned slightly and said, "For me?" "Yes for thee," said John, and he handed her the envelope. No one attempted to stop him. What the message contained was not disclosed. No one can say how much State affairs have been influenced at times by messages from the invisible world.

Sometimes Wroe would excuse himself from company to go away alone and meditate. "I must be away to my gold diggings," he would say.

On one of these mental excursions he learned that heat does not travel across space from the sun but is merely attracted—or drawn out of the earth by the sun's rays. Swedenborg with all his scientific attainments, Hudson Tuttle with his brilliant and versatile mind, and Andrew Jackson Davis, the master of an immense amount of knowledge, one and all fell into the popular belief of their day, namely that the sun and stars were fires. Wroe was commanded not to read the doctrines and theories of his contemporaries.

Our dear scientists are fond of fires, and it is only within the last few years that Professors have begun to doubt that the sun is a ball of fire. Professor Thomson writing on astronomy a few years ago, said of the sun, "Whatever it is, we know it is not a fire." Professor Vicentini of Italy startled the scientific world about 1927 by his claim that the sun was an electric generator, and was neither intensely hot nor cold. The idea of the sun being a ball of fire he classes as a childish legend, and scientifically impossible. The heat and light he claims are the result of the resistance of the electric energy which our atmosphere causes as it contacts the sun's vibrations. Thus the claim of Wroe seems well on the way to be proven.

Wroe also forecast that the day will come when war vessels will be able to anchor over the spot where the House of Commons now stands. (This means that there is to be a gradual sinking of London, which is even now going on. At high tide the river Thames is higher than the street, and a few years ago many basements along that part were flooded out.)

Those interested in Eugenics and the improvement of the race may be interested to know that according to Wroe the future race will be plump and strong; none of the thin wasting screen-star type will survive!

Wroe's Guide was always referred to by himself as "The Lord," or "The Spirit," but with our present knowledge we would simply say his Guide. That this Spirit was wise there is no doubt, but that he got across to the followers and the world all he desired, or just what he wished to express, is very doubtful. We find him complaining that there was no one on earth capable of receiving undiluted truth. Therefore truth had to be given in small doses.

WROE'S PECULIAR TEACHING AND OBJECT.

If one looks into the elementary principles of Yoga-ism the first essential is the cleansing of the blood stream, so that the nervous system should be at poise and rest. In the Wroe theory the same principle is advocated. "I will cleanse their blood," is a favourite text of his. This cleansing of the blood, Wroe, or his guide, regarded as

a preliminary to the coming Kingdom of God. As one cannot put new wine into old bottles neither were men yet prepared to be fit temples for the Spirit. This seemed to be his idea. He defended the life of the orthodox Jew as far as food and the breeding of the race was concerned, but held in addition that the New Testament's ethical and moral principles were absolutely essential.

Although Wroe sent out preachers and never missed a good opportunity of addressing a crowd, he saw far beyond all this to a time when, "all preaching will become as swine's flesh." "Newspapers will gather more than preachers," he claimed.

He visited China, not as a missionary, but just to contact that land with his Guide. He had a following in New York City and in Boston as a result of his visits to the New World. We find him saying when among his friends, "Hark, Oh Israel, I thought it was the voice calling across the deep blue sea."

THE FUTURE RACE AS SEEN BY WROE.

"The Kingdom will come as different from your imagination as day is from night." So said the prophet to his people, and the rapidly changing world of today tends to prove that the Kingdom will come in a perfectly natural way. But John lifts a corner of the curtain and gives us a glimpse of the new world, where there will be no longer greed as master or gold as god. "There will be no locks and bars, and no thieves." "There will be three classes of people, strangers, aliens, and the redeemed." "All singing birds shall have the power of speech." "The atmosphere or climate will be mild like the month of May." "There will be no longer any dust or poisonous insects, or anything that hurts or harms." "There will be no storms nor any rain, the earth will be watered by an upward sweat or dew." "The oceans will return to the hollow of the planet."

"Men will be able to look across from one planet to another as easily as a man would look at a cow in his field."

"An alien will be ploughing in his field when one of the redeemed will appear by his side materialised and walk across the field with him; at the end of the furrow he will disappear."

"The earth shall produce seven fold." Knowledge scientifically applied will probably help nature to do this.

From beginning to end John's teaching sounded the note of the deathless life. Spiritualists and others have sounded the note of the soul's immortality but Wroe taught that the time has come when men should prepare to conquer the death of the body. "The Redeemed" he pictures as deathless; they pass from this plane to the other with no corrupt body to bury, and they will return at will as easily as a bird alights on the ground.

Wroe was like St. Paul, he saw the kingdom afar off, as one born out of due season.

I have known several of Wroe's followers, and some of them come to our home circle from the spirit world. Last winter a lady controlled whom I had known in Australia. She was one of the second generation of Wroe's followers. So I asked her, "Do you ever meet John Wroe over there?" She replied, "I have met him once; he was a great man in his day and generation; he is a very bright spirit here, and is above or beyond me."

Later on I intend to publish a complete record in pamphlet form of this man. We get biographies I am sure of many personalities less important.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JOY IN SORROW.

81, Balfour Road, Ilford, Essex.

DEAR SIR,—Recently a copy of the *International Psychic Gazette* for October, 1933, was placed in my hands. On reading same I was much impressed by the article on "Joy Messages from the Spirit World," for it made clear to me an identical experience I had when my beloved husband lay dead in the house for three days.

In the midst of my unutterable despair I was astounded by a sudden overflow of unbounded joy and happiness, for no apparent reason whatsoever. I had then no knowledge of the blessed truths of Spiritualism or of the wondrous comforts and compensations arising therefrom.

As the article concluded by asking for similar Joy Messages from the Spirit World, I am sending mine, although somewhat late in the day.—Yours faithfully,

AGNES LAMBE.

THE QUESTION OF SOUL AFFINITIES.

Pontypridd, October 1st, 1934.

DEAR SIR.—The answers given by Mr. Denis Conan Doyle in *The Sunday Graphic* to the many and various questions relating to Spiritualism are fine. Clear and to the point, they reach a large public, and make plain much that has troubled many individuals. Spiritualists are indebted to Mr. Doyle for following in his father's footsteps.

In his reply to the query, "What is the position of the second wife or second husband when loved ones are reunited in the next world?" Mr. Doyle takes the stand that each person is incomplete and must eventually unite with his or her true affinity.

Here a problem arises which I fear none but a Solomon can answer. None of us, for instance, conceives The Christ in this light, or expects Him to need a bride to complete himself. In the "Vale Owen Script," it is distinctly stated that the man Jesus does not require the female to complete Him, He being a complete unit within himself, having all the stronger attributes of the male and the finer feelings of the female in one person. Biblical writers conceived the entire Christian Church as the bride of Christ. This was as near as they came to any suggestion of a mate for Him.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle, the pioneer Spiritualist author, in his "Arcana of Spiritualism," states that sex is merely a convenience for this plane only, and that the idea of soul-mates is entirely erroneous. He held that the mind was bound to reach its equilibrium eventually in Spirit, superior to, and apart from all sex attractions. The spirit message states that there is really no difference between the sexes in the next world. Certainly they wear still the male or female form, but none of the Christian mystics ever expressed the slightest desire for a soul mate of the other sex. On the other hand they one and all declared that the fullness and greatness of the Divine Spirit left no room for any other joy or pleasure. All these may be wrong, but the chances are that they are right, and that those who send us back messages insisting on necessary affinities are not yet evolved above such desires.—I am, Yours faithfully,

D. O. SMITH.

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Ask the Spirits. Edited by David Gow. Rider. 5/- net.

Mr. Gow, than whom few have had a greater experience of psychic phenomena in its many phases, and who long edited our contemporary *Light*, has put together in this volume a selection of the finest psychic communications received during the last half-century. There is practically no question of moment to the enquirer that has not been answered. Platform workers should find it invaluable, circle leaders should read extracts from it at the beginning of their sésances.

Psychic Healing. By Harry Boddington. Psychic Press, Ltd. 1/-.

People who have healing powers and wish to develop them should study Mr. Boddington's Booklet No. 2. Even experienced practitioners will find many useful hints, especially as regards complicated cases. Mr. Boddington knows his subject from A to Z. Not only his knowledge and experience but his transparent honesty will appeal to his readers. He does not dogmatise, but gives plain, straightforward facts about this most sacred and blessed of all gifts—the gift of healing.

The Book of Gerontius. By George Nash. Rider. 7/6 net.

Through the hand of an automatist of a Cornish Circle has been given valuable esoteric teaching in regard to the nature, both of the material and invisible worlds of our planetary system. While agreeing broadly with Theosophical and Rosicrucian schools of thought, it is characterised by highly individualistic originality of conception. Superior intelligences in the beyond tell of their experiences, and describe some of the beings said to inhabit other planets. The work will appeal especially to students of the deeper aspects of Cosmic Truth.

G. DE B.

To feel that a whispered cry will bring to our aid a goodly company of those invisible beings who "walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," is to have our lives so changed by what seems magic . . . that our outlook is brighter, our ambition is higher, and even our afflictions are radiant with unwonted hopefulness.—
Rev. George H. Hepworth.

November, 1934
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Kaffir Magic : A Reminiscence of The Boer War.

By WILL CARLOS.

CISSIE DRAPPER sat knitting socks, and her thoughts went out to her brother, Bill, away on the African veldt, for the Boer War was still being fought.

With her sisterly thoughts were mingled others concerning a chum of her brother's whom she liked because he was cheerful and good natured. He had been so frequent a visitor at Cissie's home that he was almost one of the family, and no doubt he cherished hopes of being one in time if she consented.

As yet, Cissie thought she did not *really* love him, and so Master Dick had to face the deadly snipers of the kopjes without the consolation of knowing himself loved by his chum's sister.

Bill knew all about his friend's fond hopes, but as Cissie was a whimsical sort of girl he could not guess what she might do later on. He was a bit of a philosopher and a believer in fate, and all he could say was, "If you've got to have her, you'll have her!"

After the disaster at Spion Kop, Bill wrote home regretfully informing the family that poor Dick had fallen in the fight, and was missing, but he was not sure that he was dead—for he might be a prisoner in the Boers' hands.

Glad as they were to hear of Bill's safety, the family felt sad about Dick, and now Cissie, analysing her feelings, felt that she had really loved him all the time, but had been too stubborn to admit it even to herself.

When she retired on the night the news came, the emotions she had been trying to repress all day broke through her restraint, and she cried as though her heart would break. After a while her emotion subsided, and she went to bed feeling very sorrowful.

For some time she moved restlessly from one side to the other, and at last dropped asleep and dreamt of battles. She found herself marching with Bill and Dick up a steep slope amid the whizzing of bullets, and then a tremendous explosion came which rent the earth under their feet. She awoke to find herself chilled to the bone, and a cold sweat on her forehead.

She struck a match, lit her candle, and looked at her watch—it was half-past-two in the morning. Blowing out the light she tried to sleep again, but failing, arose, relit the candle, and throwing on a wrap went downstairs to see if the fire was still alight. Fortunately, it was, though very low, so she put a few more coals upon it and sat close to its flame, still shivering.

While trying to compose her thoughts she sighed aloud, and was startled to hear another sigh so like her own, and so high her person, that she thought her young sister had come to look for her.

"Go back to bed, Jessie," she cried, "and don't bother me; I will come up presently!" and without looking around expected her sister to answer. No reply came but another sigh. And forcing herself to look behind she saw Dick as plainly as if he had been alive. "Oh, dear!" she thought, "he must be dead, and this is his ghost!"

Now thoroughly frightened she made for the stairs, but the figure barred her way. "Not dead—not dead!" she heard him whisper—or so it seemed to her—and then he smiled. "See you soon!" he whispered, and vanished. Cissie, fearful still, but vaguely comforted, went back to bed and slept soundly.

A month later, a letter arrived from Bill, saying that Dick had been found wounded in a native hut, but was now in hospital and out of danger. But long ere that, one morning just as the first evidence of the dawn came palely through her window, she beheld the spirit of Dick again. He gravely saluted her, and repeated, "Coming soon," before he faded from her sight.

And a week later she had been down to the shore near the ferry, and was returning across the sands when she saw him again, this time in civilian clothes, but no whisper reached her.

* * *

The battle of Spion Kop had been fought and won—by the Boers. Buller had to retire after heavy casualties. Bill Drapper was sitting dejectedly in his quarters, for his particular Chum was missing. They had fought a hard fight to carry that hill but the wily Boers, hiding behind boulders, and firing with unerring accuracy had so depleted the attacking party that the forces had been withdrawn, and the Boers were jubilant.

Very early next morning a Kaffir was crawling about the battlefield, no doubt seeking for loot, when he heard a moan, and there under the bushes in a cleft of the kopje he found a wounded English soldier. With hopes of reward he rendered what aid he could, and gave the wounded man refreshment. When night came he carried the soldier's limp form to a little native village, tucked away in a hollow not far from the scene of conflict.

In rude native fashion the soldier's wounds were dressed and tended, and a fortnight later the Kaffir made his way to the British camp and reported his find.

An ambulance party was told off to fetch the man, and Bill, who happened to be one of them, was overjoyed to find his old chum alive. Dick was genuinely grateful to the Kaffir, and the officers and company rewarded him for his humane services.

Dick told Bill that he had been able three times to visit the people at home through some magic power the old head-man of the Kaffir tribe seemed to possess, and he remembered quite well that he had seen and spoken to Cissie.

Bill understood something of this power and was glad. Soon after, when peace was declared, the troops returned home, and both men were restored to civil life. And the wedding of Dick and Cissie very soon followed.

Occasional Jottings by X.

JOY VERSUS HAPPINESS.

"OH, if only I could find Happiness!" exclaimed a sitter at a séance one day.

"I had rather you sought Joy," replied an advanced spirit guide quietly, "for, esoterically speaking, Happiness is of the earth—the external—and is transitory; but Joy is of the Spirit—is internal and perpetual. You may say you are happy when you have triumphed in an unjust cause and injured another; but you can only truly say you are joyful when you are responsive to the highest within you. Then you have, in a flash of time, had a foretaste of the true heaven. Therefore cultivate joy."

TRUST YOUR GUIDES.

One frequently hears about the dangers of mediumship, but there is actually less danger therein than in other forms of pioneering work because there is the ever-present protection of the medium's spirit guides. When the medium is honest, sincere, and striving to uplift humanity by his gifts, and has complete faith in his guides, danger

is reduced to a minimum, and full protection is afforded.

One could cite many instances of protection for earnest mediums and sitters, from visible as well as invisible foes, by the guides; but one instance will suffice. At a direct voice séance with a well-known medium the other evening, the chief guide announced in the direct voice: "Break your circle. Nothing will happen to-night." Everybody was, of course, disappointed; such an occurrence was rare. But at a subsequent séance the whole thing was explained by the guide, who said that one of the sitters, a newcomer, who had lost his faith in Spiritualism, and who had been persuaded by a friend to sit again in the hope that faith would be restored, had deliberately put out a hand in the darkness and touched the trumpet. This might have happened again; so the guide determined not to risk his medium's life and health by opening the psychic door. Many waiting spirits were disappointed; as were also the sitters; but under no circumstances should the risk be run of injury to the medium, or to any of the sitters who may be sensitive to psycho-physical forces.

Anticipating the Hereafter

By META DEWES, Napier, New Zealand.

TOO many people drift through life without giving a thought to the hereafter. We cannot altogether blame them, for so much superstition has ever surrounded death that it is no wonder people have come to speak of it with bated breath and are adverse to any thought connecting them with this state.

We do not blame them, but we do ask that now so much is being spoken and written on the continuity of life and the state which survives death, that they will give it due consideration. It is not a subject beyond the average reasoning, but a beautiful and attractive truth, full of interest and anticipation. For death should not be regarded as an ending but as a mere change from our present state, a throwing off of much that is cumbersome, like casting off some heavy garment which weighs you down.

It is unreasonable to think that flesh and bones (the heirs to so many ills, and so often crippled and tired) are all there is of man. You lose a limb, sometimes two, yet, but for the inconvenience you remain the same. You lose your dear ones, and sympathise with friends who have lost theirs. This is not done with flesh and bones. Of course not. Good! By admitting so much you have come to some realisation of what you are, and what lives on when you pass from earth. It is a beautiful thought.

Your physical form goes back to Mother Nature, who takes it to herself again, while *you* pass on through the door where, clothed in a new form (no longer crippled or worn), you move about your daily activities refreshed, rejuvenated and full of new endeavour.

Is not this a more attractive anticipation than the ideas held hitherto? What is there to dread in such a change? You have become so used to familiar things that you fear the unknown. Yet on earth you long for travel and change. You leave your home and set out on an adventure with no knowledge of what is before you, and are not afraid. Then why fear the change called death, which is only an adventure into an unknown land, only a move from one country to another.

Try to look on death in this light. Think and reason about it until it becomes a familiar subject to you. Do not cling to the grave; leave your old garments to Mother Nature's care; build up in your minds ideas of your future home and the work you wish to carry on there. Think of your many friends who have arrived in the Beyond, and commune in thought with them as you would were they merely in some other country on earth. They are still the same, their love is still yours, they still think of you, and they still send out their thought messages to you as they used to do when here.

It is all so beautiful, this continuity of life, all so natural, with so much happiness to be gained by its investigation. Do not put it aside as something to do later. Now is the time to seek its beauty; later you may find yourself in a strange land, which could have been made a familiar home by a little timely thought.

Spiritualism and Education

By JAMES M. McLINTOCK

THE Spiritualist Movement at the present day is certainly far from being the power it should be. Every day there are new converts coming into Spiritualism, and every day we see the stirring of a greater interest in psychic matters among people everywhere. Yet the Spiritualist movement, with all the concentrated forces of the Spirit World behind it, seems to be inert where vital issues are concerned and seems to make little or no impress on the world.

This can be altered, I believe, by education on a wide and comprehensive scale. It is badly needed too. Our system of lectures, instructional and propaganda, given from time to time from platforms, is very helpful but these provide only at best an erratic and sketchy education where the philosophy of Spiritualism is concerned. What is required is more definite centres of instruction. Organised classes should be formed where every aspect of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism can be systematically studied.

What is wrong with the Spiritualist movement as a whole is its lack of co-ordination. There is too much waste, too much overlapping in unessentials. There are too many disintegrating factors. Union is strength! The Spiritualist Movement needs to be united to be really effective. But how can this be achieved? Only in one way; that is by a well-considered policy of education.

There are many misconceptions in the minds of Spiritualists. Listening to the pet theories and prejudices of this and that platform worker, they have become bewildered as to what to accept or believe. They have become uncertain as to what Section or Group they should ally themselves to. The Spiritualist Movement if organised into one big unit, could have its own schools and colleges, and perhaps its universities. This is not an impossible ideal. It is up to the leaders of different sections to get together, to cease their futile squabbling, and to sink their jealousies. Higher education is the plank on which the Spiritualist Movement as a whole can rise out of itself and be really effective and worth while. It badly needs really educated platform workers who can forcibly present the true essence of Spiritualism to the enquirer.

The platform worker who can only present one point of view, and who is unable to meet objections offered by opponents is a nuisance to himself and the movement. The uneducated badly informed speaker is also a hindrance, a menace, and a danger to Spiritualism.

A glorious opportunity now lies in the hands of our leaders if they will only use it. They can get together and lay the foundations for a comprehensive educational system whose ramifications might extend from a central college in London to small study groups in rural areas. Every Church or Spiritualist organisation should have its study group.

The Spiritualists' National Union have some such Scheme in its Spiritualist National College, but that is confined to Spiritualists within the S.N.U. What is required is something more universal, recognised by the Spiritualists as a whole.

A Spiritualist University would greatly add to the prestige of our movement. It would give a great incentive to platform workers and students of Spiritualism, to continue their study and research further into the Spiritualist philosophy. We are as yet only on the threshold of what there is to be known about Spiritualism. Great fields of knowledge are yet untitled. Vast regions or planes of existence, which lie beyond the reach of our five physical senses, have yet to be mapped out. We have still to find more light on the problems of life and destiny. With better education the Spiritualist Movement can go forward and make its impress on the world. It can also throw in its lot with all those movements which are striving to make this world a better place, and it can do something practical, on its own initiative, to help rid the world of its evils. Too long has Spiritualism remained aloof from such practical efforts for reform.

The Spirit people want us to act—to do something practical—and they promise to give us every support and help possible.

This Gethsemane

He lay face downward on the earth, while all
The withered leaves of hope swept over him,
And through the darkness of the night came dim
Malignant forms, which cried, "Behold the fall
Of one who fancied he had heard a call
To righteousness! Poor fool! he sought to climb
The heights of heav'n, while still enmeshed in
time."

Then blackness fell around him as a pall.
At dawn he rose, when daylight flushed the sky,
And saw his cross half hidden in the mire,
Then as he wept and prayed, the Christ drew nigh,
And spake, "I share the agony with thee;
Thou hast been cleansed by suffering and by fire;
My son, take up thy cross and follow Me."

F. HESLOP.

November, 1934.
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"GHOSTS IN THE WITNESS BOX."

HISTORICAL CASES.

UNDER this title an account is given in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, of how some murderers have been discovered, tried, and executed, as the result of ghostly communications.

On September 28th, 1749, Sergeant Davies, stationed near Braemar in the Scottish Highlands with an English detachment, strolled off alone one evening over the neighbouring hills and was never again seen alive.

Nine months later, Ronald Farquharson, a son of the house where Davies had lodged, was told by a man named Macpherson that he had been twice visited by the sergeant's ghost, who begged him to get Farquharson's assistance to bury his bones, and indicated where these lay.

The two men set out for the spot described and found the remains, which were identified by some remnants of clothing. Everything of value the deceased had carried, including his silver buckles, silver-laced hat, and 15½ guineas in gold, had been stolen.

As a result of various rumours, two local men, Clark and Macdonald, were arrested in September, 1753, and tried in Edinburgh on June 10th, 1754. The case for the Crown seemed strong, as articles of the deceased were traced to each of the accused, and one of the sergeant's rings was in the hands of Clark's wife.

Macpherson, recounting his eerie experience, told how, on the first occasion, he had assumed his visitor to be a neighbour till it had announced, "I am Sergeant Davies," and begged that his bones be buried. The ghost had then declined to name the murderers. On the second occasion, the wraith had appeared naked, had again begged for burial, and this time had named the two accused. All these conversations were in Gaelic, a language of which the deceased was totally ignorant in his lifetime. A woman in the shieling spoke to seeing something naked come in at the door on the second visitation, but she saw and heard nothing more.

The case was capped by the evidence of Angus Cameron, who had seen the murder from a distance, and identified Clark and a smaller man. He attributed his earlier reticence to the advice of friends who had told him at the time to say nothing.

The defence made much of the supernatural element in the Crown's case, and after two hours the jury returned a unanimous verdict of "not guilty."

Sir Walter Scott suggested that Macpherson got knowledge of the murder by ordinary means and invented the ghost story to avoid the odium of an informer. But that does not explain the apparent corroboration of the woman at the shieling. The guilt of the accused seems undoubted, and the verdict can best be explained by the deceased's position, and the state of feeling at the time.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, referring to this case, said the defence had made a great point out of the allegation that the ghost of an English sergeant had spoken in idiomatic Gaelic, and said the sergeant might well have learnt that language after passing over. An Edinburgh correspondent thinks it more likely that the deceased simply transmitted "thoughts" and that these were transmuted into Gaelic by the medium Macpherson.

SOME OTHER CASES.

In the spring of 1830, Murdoch Grant, a travelling packman, was murdered in Sutherlandshire by Hector Macleod, a young school master, who was tried, found guilty, and executed a year later as the result of a vision by Kenneth Fraser, a tailor, locally known as "The Dreamer." Grant made a full confession of the crime.

Maria Marten was murdered at Polstead, Sussex, in 1827. Her mother repeatedly dreamed about the murder, and where the body was hidden. Following up this clue, a man named Corder was arrested, convicted, and hanged.

An amazing case occurred in Ireland in 1751. An inn-keeper near Waterford dreamed that he saw a murder committed at a certain spot nearby. He related the vision to others, and shortly after was aghast to find in two guests at his inn the murderer and victim respectively. Apparently he disclosed to the latter what he had seen, but failed to convince him of his danger, and shortly after the two men left the inn. The victim's body was found later, murdered and robbed, at the spot seen in the dream and the other man was duly arrested, tried and convicted. The supernatural element was found to be no bar to conviction, and a priest was brought as a witness to the inn-keeper's original report of his vision.

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Edited by JOHN LEWIS.

SIR CONAN DOYLE'S TESTIMONY:

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International Psychic Gazette

69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SPIRITUALISTS' DEATH PACT.

MR. PERCIVAL BEDDOW, of Anerley Park, S.E., a master printer, and Editor of *Spiritual Truth* until it ceased publication some time ago, committed suicide by gas poisoning early on Sunday, October 21, along with his wife (a medium) and sister-in-law (a clairvoyant), who had all joined in a death pact.

Their bodies were discovered by the son, Mr. Basil Beddow, who revealed that there had been a similar pact a month earlier which he had averted by raising sufficient money to tide over urgent difficulties. Early this year his father had been engaged in a law suit, in which he had to pay out a great deal of money, and he was faced with further difficulties and reduced circumstances.

The three victims, he said, were wholly devoted to each other and were "a trinity of friendship." The *Daily Mail* calls this "one of the strangest suicide pacts ever recorded."

A DYING GIRL'S MARK.

FIFTY years ago, Mr. A. G. Edwards, of Denbigh Street, Westminster, was in Brussels studying for his final examinations as a diplomat.

One night he dreamed that his fiancée, then staying with her father at the Belgian Embassy in Paris, was appealing to him for help, when putting forward her hand she touched his wrist. At that moment he awoke and found a small burn on his wrist. A doctor bandaged it but gave no credit to the idea that the scar had anything to do with his dream. It transpired, however, that his fiancée had died at the very moment he received the ghostly scar, which remains to this day.

Mr. Edwards was a friend of Parnell, Kitchener, Barney Barnato and Whitaker Wright, and was at one time in receipt of an income of over £30,000.

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6.30 p.m.—Mr. J. Arthur Findlay. Mrs. Stella Hughes
18th—11 a.m. Dr. H. P. Shastri. Mr. Glover Botham
6.30 p.m.—Rev. C. Drayton Thomas. Mrs. Esta Cassel
25th—11 a.m.—Mr. Ernest Hunt. Mrs. Helen Spiers
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